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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE
SKELETON MONK;
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.



PHILADELPHIA:
JAMES CHALLEN & SON.
1861.

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THE SKELETON MONK.

"The times have been,

*That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now they rise again."*—

Shakspeare.

PART FIRST.

In a Capucin convent, old and gray,
On the brow of a cliff some leagues away
From the walls of Rome, lived Friar Frenaye!
 Giuseppe Frenaye!
 He was ruddy and gay,
 And yet, in his cowl,
 He looked grave as an owl;
And he carefully counted his beads every day!

He doated on beads, and on medals as well,
On his brown woollen cloak, and his little square
cell ;
And he worshipped Saint Francis, whose ghostly
old head
Looked down from a frame, at the top of his bed !

He had worm-eaten books
Stowed in curious nooks,—
A jar full of relics,—some saintly old crooks,—
With a table and chair,
And a missal for prayer,
And a crucifix, carved out of wood, very rare !

Nature made him a monk,—and he never appeared,
With his shining bald head, and his flowing brown
beard,
With his twinkling gray eye, and his dimpled red
cheek,
And his fat little figure, so jolly and sleek,—
But each stranger declared that he'd ne'er before seen
A monk with so perfectly monkish a mien !

Nature made him a monk,—but no hermit,—not he!
He had forty fat brothers, each jovial and free,
Who could doff, like a cassock, his sanctified air,
And vary with wassail his penance and prayer!
And no part of that cherished old convent, I ween,
Had more loving attent than its ample cuisine!

One could always find there
An abundance of fare,—
The most delicate viands, delicious and rare,—
And, in certain deep vaults, stained with cobwebs
and mould,
Sparkled wines, red as rubies, and yellow as gold,
With numberless names, and exceedingly old!

But, though never averse to a private carouse,
Every monk had the utmost respect for his vows;
And whenever the knell
Of the old convent bell
Called to matin, or vesper, or nocturn, as well,
Each would promptly repair
To a union in prayer;

Its silvery sound seemed a sanctified spell,—
To the chapel it summoned, and all were found
there!

The chapel! It stood near the cloister, apart;
'Twas the pride of that convent,—a wonder of art!
Its walls were adorned with the richest designs,
Its alcoves were filled with elaborate shrines,
And, glittering with gems, gleamed like Orient
mines!

Its pavements were porphyry, its ceilings were gold,
Its niches held statues of exquisite mould,
And its treasury boasted of riches untold!

And beneath all this splendor, so vauntingly spread,
In contrast most strange with the scene overhead,
Under ponderous arches, shut out from the day,
In silence, and darkness, and damp, and decay,
Was a charnel-house, strewn with the dust of the
dead!

Full of terror and gloom,
'Twas the convent's huge tomb,

Where hundreds were buried, and yet there was
room !

Every monk, from the time the fraternity rose,
Had found in that chamber his final repose :
It contained no sepulchral inscriptions and stones,
But the ceilings and walls were encrusted with bones !
Human bones ! set in columns, and altars, and
shrines,

And adjusted, with skill, in fantastical lines ;
In oblongs, and angles, and circles, and tiers,
Forming arabesques, crosses, and great chandeliers ;
While erect, in each niche, grim, and ghastly, and
shrunk,

In his woollen capote, stood a skeleton monk !

'Twas a horrible place, where one scarce drew a
breath,

But it seemed to come charged with corruption and
death ;

And yet good Giuseppe would oft deem it right
To pray, in that dreadful Golgotha, all night,
With some ugly old skeleton holding the light !

'Twas a curious whim ; but he really believed
That a vow proffered there would be better received ;
Perchance he supposed that contaminate air
Might be a more perfect conductor for prayer :

But, whate'er his intent,

He most certainly went,

On all special occasions, to ruminate there !

Now, Giuseppe loved bones ; and it happened one day,
He had finished his prayers, and was coming away,
When, in passing a niche, where a skeleton stood
Peering stealthily out from the shade of his hood,
Without any thought of maltreating the dead,
He was seized with a fancy to borrow his head !
Perhaps it was wrong ; but Giuseppe had found
Such devotional aid among skulls under ground,
That he could not conceive it would seem an abuse
To take one above, for more general use,
And he knew his dead brother would thrive quite
as well :

So he carried it up to his little square cell ;

And if the monk blamed him, could any one tell ?

PART SECOND.

'TWAS the Feast of Saint Francis! a season of mirth!
Observed since his saintship took leave of the
earth,
And just three hundred years since the convent had
birth!

Every friar felt gay
When the sun rose that day;
But, first, they all met in the chapel to pray:
Then, the offices through,
They had nothing to do
But to fill the fleet hours with joy as they flew,
And brimful of pleasure the time passed away!

For this festive occasion each brother had toiled :
Every nook in the gardens was searched and de-
spoiled,
And the chambers and corridors, covered with
flowers,
Were blooming and fragrant as amaranth bowers !
Indeed, so intense was the flowery scent,
That the old monks were sneezing wherever they
went !

'Twas a day of delight ; but the mirth was not
done
When the shadows of evening had closed o'er the sun ;
In fact, the enjoyment had then scarce begun !
In lieu of the daylight, a glittering sheen,
From innumerable candles, illumined the scene,
Filling every apartment, above and below,
And flooding the air with its effluent glow,
Till the convent, ablaze, from its towering height,
Gleaming down, far away, through the valleys, that
night,

Appeared to the sight
Some great stellary light,
As a comet, or meteor, or even more bright!

Of course, with this dazzling display everywhere,
The chapel received most particular care;
And all that the taste of the monks could prepare,
And all that the treasury held that was rare,
And costly, and rich, was exhibited there!
The columns and arches were mantled with green,
And, in every recess, rose a flowery screen,—
A floral mosaic,—an intricate maze
Of bright blooming garlands, festoons, and bouquets!
Above the high altar, a glittering woof,
Interwoven with tinsel, drooped down from the
 roof,
And, under this canopy, mitred and stoled,
Stood the bust of Saint Francis, in silver and gold!

There were relics held consecrate time out of
 mind,
In curious caskets of crystal confined;

There were sacred utensils with jewels inlaid,
The pious purloinment of some old crusade ;
There were crosses and coronals, girdles and rings,
The votive oblations of pontiffs and kings,
With a great many precious conventual things !
All beautiful, brilliant, and bathed in the blaze
Of numberless wax lights, in multiplex rays,
 Overpowering the gaze,
 With a 'wildering daze,
And filling the place with a prismatic haze !

But the good monks had deemed themselves greatly
 at fault,
 In this general joy,
 Had they failed to employ,
 With a hearty good will,
 A full share of their skill,
For the dear defunct brotherhood down in the vault.

 So they hung in the gloom
 Of that terrible tomb
Fresh flowerets, laden with dew and perfume ;

And they gave to each monk of that skeleton band
A lighted wax candle to hold in his hand ;
While round each chandelier an illumement was
thrown

From the candles which beamed in those sockets of
bone !

But the flowerets grew pale, as with pestilent blight,
And the candles burned dim, with a flickering light,
And the dead monks gained naught from the festive
array,

Save a palpable darkness, and laureled decay !

PART THIRD.

THE bell tolled nine !
The bell tolled nine !
And a merrier set
Had never yet
On any anniversary met,
Than, answering to its three times three,
Entered the old refectory,
And circled the oaken board to dine.
And I fear I should fail,
Did I strive to detail
The delectable dishes which graced that regale ;
But suffice it to say,
'Twas a sumptuous display,
Of fish, and of flesh, and prepared every way :

From the forest and field, from the ocean and air,
All seasoned and sauced with most exquisite care;
 Fried, roasted, and broiled,
 Baked, basted, and boiled,
With vegetive esculents, luscious and rare,
 In savory stews,
 And in racy ragouts,
Which, however fastidious, none could refuse!
Then the dessert,—the pastry, fruits, jellies, and
 ices,—
In pyramids, towers, and other devices,
Italian, and Moorish, and Greek, and Egyptian,
Delighted the eye, and surpassed all description;
While, sparkling like jewels, in luminous lines,
Stood crystalline flagons of costly old wines!

 A sumptuous display!
 And the guests grew more gay,
As, with feasting, and drinking, the hours rolled
 away.

They drank to Saint Peter, their glorified head;
They drank to Pope Leo, who reigned in his stead;

They drank to Saint Francis; the Martyrs who bled,
And their Capucin brethren, departed and dead;
And they drank still more deeply, and jested, and
sang,

Till the stately old halls with the revelry rang!

Then Giuseppe arose, as the noise chanced to lull,
And went out to his cell, and came in with a skull,—
The same, I am sorry to say, which he bore
From the niche in the grotto, a long while before;
And he filled it with wine, and there went up a shout,
As he drank from the margin, and passed it about!

Then there suddenly fell

On each heart, like a knell,

The twelve midnight strokes of the old convent bell,
And the wax lights burned low, and each monk
gasped for breath,

And the atmosphere seemed to be laden with death,
And the door was flung open, and on, through the
gloom,

A procession of spectres stalked into the room!

A procession of spectres!—That skeleton band!
And a lighted wax candle each held in his hand;
And each, with his chaplet of flowerets bedight,
Pale, sickly, and shrunk, as with pestilent blight;
And first of them all, with his cowl wide dispread,
Came a skeleton figure, withouten a head!
Every monk held his place, and there rose not a
 sound,
'Mid their motionless horror, and silence profound,
While, advancing, the solemn procession filed round!

But, on reaching Giuseppe, they came to a stand,—
And the ghost snatched the skull from his shivering
 hand,
And he dashed out the wine,—and, oh! sad to relate!
He a-suddenly seized poor Giuseppe's bald pate,
And he twisted it off, and he left him stark dead,
In his seat at the table, and lacking his head!
Then the spectres passed out, as they came, at the
 door,
And it closed, and the wax lights burned bright as
 before!

Long years have rolled by since that scene of
dismay,
And the monks of that convent have all passed
away;
And the convent, abandoned, remains to this day,
But a ruin,—crushed, mouldering in dust and
decay!

And yet, at the feast of Saint Francis, each year,
Precisely at midnight, two spectres appear,—
Two skeleton monks, as their garb would denote,
For each folds about him a woollen capote,—
And they traverse that ruin, nor slacken their pace,
As the one hurries on, and the other gives chase!

And the first a wax candle bears, flickering and
dull,
And grasps, in his long bony fingers, a skull;
And the second, who goes with a wavering tread,
And his skeleton hands in the darkness outspread,
And his cowl floating free, is bereft of his head!

And still, as he follows,—in mischievous mood,
The other peers back from the shade of his hood,
And entices him on;—but, alas! nevermore
Shall Giuseppe recover the skull he once wore!

TO MARY.

As a pilgrim, worn and weary,
Wandering o'er a desert dreary,
Bowed beneath the sun's hot burning,
For some shelter vainly yearning,
Feeling each fond hope retiring,
Sinking on the sand, expiring,—
Pines to see his native mountains,
Pants to quaff their cooling fountains,—
So, a wanderer,—lost and lonely,
Meeting disappointment only,
Worn and weary, lorn and laden,—
Pine I for thy love, sweet maiden !

As the pilgrim, sinking, sighing,
Cast upon the desert, dying,—

Ere life's latest link be riven,
Lifts his weeping eyes to heaven,
Pouring forth his plaintive story
To some gentle saint, in glory,—
So, sweet angel, spirit-broken,
Craving still some saving token,
Pouring here, in adoration,
From my heart, a pure oblation,—
One last, lingering trust I cherish:
Listen, loved one, ere I perish!

DREAM - LAND.

THERE is a happy land,—a land of dreams,—
A land of shadowy vales, of shining hills,
Of moss-grown rocks, green banks, and sparkling
rills ;

Broad silvery lakes, whose crystal waters flow,
Reflecting back the sun's refulgent beams,
In liquid light, to pearly caves below !

Sweet summer reigns, in endless beauty, there ;
No tempest ever sweeps its fertile plains,
No threatening cloud its sky's pure radiance stains :
There countless flowers delicious perfume
yield,
Freighting, with sweets, the soft, transparent air,
Gemming, with rainbow-hues, each spread-
ing field !

Bright warblers dwell in each enchanted grove,
From the fresh foliage of the leafy trees
Pouring to heaven unceasing melodies ;
While the stern tenants of the forest stray
Along the verdant paths, in peace and love,
And, round their caverned dwelling-places,
play!

It is the Spirit-land ! There memory stores
Her sacred trusts ;—there dwells the flowery
past ;—
There each bright scene, too brilliant here to
last,
Is mirrored back to the enraptured eye ;
There the free spirit, unencumbered, soars
In the clear light of immortality !

There may we meet once more the loved of
earth,
Those who were torn, by death, from our em-
brace,—
There see again each well-remembered face :

Join in sweet converse through the golden
hours,
Seated in calm content,—or sport, with mirth,
Among the shining streams and fragrant
bowers!

The brilliant eye which here no longer beamed,
The pale, sealed lip, the cold and faded cheek,
The lifeless form, fast mouldering back to seek
Its kindred clay,—the silent voice, hushed
breath,—
In that blest land, awake,—revived, redeemed,
Free from corruption, and decay, and
death!

There fancy's highest hopes are realized;—
Each half-formed plan is consummated there,
Each wished-for end attained, without a care!
The friends adversity's cold touch estranged,
Lost fortune, fame, and all we fondly prized,
That fairy-land restores, unharmed, un-
changed!

Thrice happy land ! The glorious counterpart
Of that pure world of perfect peace, which lies
Beyond the circle of the starry skies !

Its clear reflection,—beauteous, beaming,
bright,—

Cast hither to illumine each dark heart,
Gilding life's gloomy path with heaven's own
light !

Mysterious Spirit-land ! To high and low,
To rich and poor, thy gates are ever free.
Sleep waits beside the portal with the key !

And "Sleep's twin-brother," thus, with
magic wand,
Stands on the shore where death's dark waters flow,
And points each pilgrim to the world beyond !

L I F E.

LIFE is a vortex, foaming high :

We're tending to the centre,
And all of us begin to die,
The moment that we enter !

In youth our vessels smoothly glide
While morn is smiling o'er us ;
We run around the circles wide,
And life looks long before us !

But age comes on, and morning light
By evening shade is followed ;
Shorter our round,—swifter our flight,
Till in the gulf we're swallowed !

One common fate awaits us all,
To the same point we're hurried,
Into the same abyss we fall,
By the same torrent buried!

HELEN.

To Beauty's glittering shrine,
 An offering I bear ;
Yet not to charms which seem divine,
To lips that glow like ruby wine,
To sparkling eyes which far outshine
The costly treasures of the mine,
 To tresses rich and rare,
To the pure cheek that softly glows,
Blending the lily and the rose,—
Though here I bow,—'tis not to those
 I offer up my prayer !

No, Helen !—

Not to those I bow,—
To them I burn no incense now,—

To them my heart breathes forth no vow,

And yet they all are thine :

The lofty brow, the beaming eye,

Blue,—brilliant as a summer sky,—

Tresses of gold, which, clustering, flow

Around a neck of spotless snow ;

The pouting lip, of ruby hue,

Like a young rose-bud bathed in dew ;

These, and a form where every grace

In fair perfection finds a place,

Make thee almost divine !

But the sweet graces of thy mind,

The beauty of thy soul,—

These have the power my heart to bind,

These conquer and control !

To these my willing spirit brings

Its first,—its purest offerings !

Others may bid the incense rise

To forms divinely wrought,—

To brows and tresses, lips and eyes ;

Their blind devotion but describes

The casket where the jewel lies !
I bow to heavenly thought ;
To the rich treasures of the mind
Within that beauteous urn enshrined,
Adorning now
That peerless brow,
As a bright wreath,—ay, brighter far
Than glitters round the morning star,—
A chaplet of immortal light !
As beauty fades, 'twill grow more bright ;
Undimmed by Time's corroding breath !
Unsullied by the touch of Death !

DEATH.

HAIL, mighty monarch! King of terrors! Death!

Dreadful destroyer,—arbiter of all!

At thy approach, before thy withering breath

All that is bright and beautiful must fall.

Man has no strength thy sceptre to withstand,

And earth lies wasted by thy conquering hand!

Scarcely had this fair world from chaos sprung,

The spangled firmament been spread abroad,

The joyful morning stars in concert sung,

A song of praise, to their creating God,—

Ere Sin had entered, and the stern decree

Of “Dust to dust,” gave thy dread power to thee!

O'er all the earth, since that tremendous hour,
Thy direful desolations have been known ;
Millions of millions, yielding to thy power,
From time into eternity have gone,—
And we who now exist dare not delay,
Whene'er thy voice shall summon us away !

Before thy dismal throne, in silence, stands
A host of spectres, waiting thy employ,—
All eager in fulfilling thy commands,
Swift to obey,—impatient to destroy.
Fearful diseases, frenzies, heavy woes,
Plagues, wars, and famines, the grim group compose !

Nature, with all her store, thy call attends ;
Evil and good to serve thy will conspire ;
For thee, the thundering avalanche descends !
For thee, the trembling mountain vomits fire !
For thee, the heaving earthquake rends the ground,
And scatters sudden desolation round !

Thou ridest forth amid the howling storm,—
Red lightnings blaze about thy rattling car ;
Black clouds and gloomy shades conceal thy form,
While the wild elements in conflict jar !
From the dark canopy thine arrows fly,
Slaying thy victims as thou passest by !

The roaring deep, the gentle murmuring stream,
The wintry blast, the noiseless summer breeze,
The sun's bright ray, the pensive moon's soft beam,
Valleys and hills, plains, caverns, deserts, seas,
All things, around, above us, or beneath,
Become the ready instruments of Death !

Vast is thy cruel sway,—all bow to thee !

Yet, know, O Death, thy kingdom hath a bound :
One mightier still, shall set thy captives free,

While the archangel's trump thy dirge will
sound,

And through the universe the tidings fly
That Death, the conqueror, himself must die !

Then wilt thou rise in awful majesty,—

Thy hand shall wrap in flames the shuddering
world,—

Suns, moons, and planets from their spheres will be,

At thy last call, in endless ruin hurled !

The elements shall melt,—the heavens retire,—

And thou, self-sacrificed, with Time expire !

BE THINE A WREATH.

BE thine a wreath of fairer flowers
Than ever bloomed in earthly bowers,
 Fadeless, and bright, and pure,—
Entwined by angel hands, above,
Where sorrow mingles not with love,
 And frailest hopes endure !

TWO LITTLE STARS.

Two little stars, at eventide,
Rose in the azure, side by side,
And, 'mid the glittering orbs on high,
Floated serenely through the sky.
They sparkled with a trembling ray,
But lovingly pursued their way,
Though others blazed more brilliant far than they!

The night stole on,—but with it came
A sweeping storm, in mist and flame,
Which hung with gloom the starry dome,
And lashed the billows into foam,
While, like a phantom, stern and stark,
Stretching its thin arms in the dark,
Through the wild chaos tossed my lonely bark!

The night wore on,—the angry blast
Had spent its fury, and was past,
And gentle zephyrs wooed to rest
The troubled ocean's heaving breast ;
When, far above, amid the blue,
As, one by one, the clouds withdrew,
Those little loving stars came beaming through !

And on they went, with rising force,
Up to the zenith of their course,
Till, in the Orient's rosy light,
Melted the shadows of the night ;
And then, with undiminished ray,
Still side by side, they stole away,
Lost in the glory of the coming day !

Thus, dearest, onward, side by side,
Through youth, the spirit's eventide,
Up to the night of life, have we
Humbly fulfilled our destiny,—
And though, around, the rich and great

Are glittering in far loftier state,
Contentedly, we share our lowlier fate !

And thus, though storms may come and go,
Shrouding with gloom the world below,
Above the tumult, as we rise,
In calm communion with the skies,
Still be it ours, serenely bright,
To bless the darkness of the night,
Cheering the tempest-tossed with heavenly light !

And when, at length, each end attained,
The zenith of our course is gained,—
As, side by side, those stars withdrew,
Still rising in the brightening blue,
Still beaming with unbroken ray,—
As gently may we glide away,
In the effulgence of immortal day !

THE INDIAN.

Ay! crush the Indian!—he is weak,—
His arrows broken lie,—
Unstrung his bow,—unnerved his arm,—
And hushed his battle-cry!

Banished, neglected, and oppressed,
His lion heart no more
Shall leap to vindicate the right
He boweth to implore!

Ay, crush him!—he is at your feet,—
An outcast from his land;
Enfeebled by the poisoned cup
From your polluted hand!

Ye robbed him of his fair domain,
Nor spared his fathers' graves,—
Broke all your pledges, and despised
His people as your slaves !

Reigns there a God !—And is He just !
And shall He fail to wreak,
Sure retribution on the head
That triumphs o'er the weak !

“Vengeance is mine !” My country, hear !
Though justice slumber long,
There is an arm, omnipotent,
To avenge the Indian's wrong !

“THE GOLDEN BOWL IS BROKEN!”

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MRS. CAROLINE NEFF.

DEATH's work is done!—The golden bowl is broken!

The silver cord is loosed,—the spirit fled!

The last fond word the trembling lips have spoken,

The last sad tear the closing eyes have shed,

We weep, in silent sorrow, o'er the dead!

Loved friend, farewell! Thy days of grief are o'er,—

Life, with its cares, its trials, and its pains,

Can interrupt thy happiness no more;

Amid the glories of the heavenly plains,

In perfect peace, thy blessed spirit reigns!

With Jesus reigns! And, yet, we mourn thy flight;

Sad, sorrowing o'er thy course so quickly run,—

Not that thou hast received thy robe of light ;
Not that thy glittering chaplet has been won,—
We weep not that thy earthly work is done !

But that on this lone wild, through which we roved,
Holding sweet converse to beguile the way,
Divided, now, from one so much beloved,
From one so pure, imprisoned in our clay,
Alone, we bear the burden of life's day !

Still lingering here, alas ! so far from thee !
Still bound to this low sphere by earthly ties,
We wait the summons that shall set us free.
How gladly would our drooping spirits rise,
To join thee in thy bliss above the skies !

To join all those whose absence we deplore,
For whom our bleeding hearts in sadness moan,—
To drink with them those streams of joy which pour
Their crystal tide before the golden throne !
To live where sin and sorrow are unknown !

For what is life, e'en in its brightest hour,
When clothed by fancy in its richest bloom?
A dreary waste, with here and there a flower,—
Moments of sunshine, linked with years of gloom!
A vale through which we wander to the tomb!

Oh! who would here prolong his fleeting breath?—
Who would desire to lengthen out his stay,
Or fear to grasp the icy hand of Death,—
Free from the bonds of flesh, to soar away
To life immortal! Glory! Endless day!

SPRING.

WELCOME, sweet Spring! thy fragrant breath
 Floats o'er the frozen ground,
Dispels the mists of wintry death,
 And scatters life around!
At thy approach harsh Winter flies,
And mildness clothes the angry skies!

Thy kind return all nature hails,
 Thy voice all nature hears;
Fresh verdure decks the hills and dales,
 Where'er thy face appears!
The streamlets break their icy chains,
And leap, and run along the plains!

The bleating flocks forsake the fold,
The lowing herds, the stall,—
The insect spreads his wing of gold,
And, at thy cheerful call,
The feathered songster lifts his voice,
And woodlands, fields, and vales rejoice !

The desolating storm is still ;
The forest smiles again ;
Bright flowerets gem the sunny hill,
And glitter o'er the plain !
Gloom shrouds the lovely earth no more ;
Stern Winter's cruel reign is o'er !

Welcome ! thrice welcome, charming Spring !
Beauty, and bliss, and love,
In robes of light, around thee sing,
And at thy bidding move !
Thy smile the wilderness illumines,
The desert at thy presence blooms !

AMBITION'S BURIAL-GROUND.

In the autumn of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, a traveller, on his way to California, counted six hundred new graves, in the course of his journey across the plains.

FAR away beyond the western mountains, lies a
lovely land,
Where bright streamlets, gently gliding, murmur
over golden sand,
Where, in valleys fresh and verdant, open grottos
old and hoar,
In whose deep recesses treasured, glitter heaps of
golden ore,—
Lies a lovely land, where Fortune long hath hidden
priceless store.

But the path which leadeth thither windeth o'er a
dreary plain,

And the pilgrim must encounter weary hours of toil
and pain,

Ere he reach those verdant valleys,—ere he grasp
the gold beneath :

Ay, the path is long and dreary, and disease, with
poisonous breath,

Lurks around, and many a pilgrim finds it but the
way to death.

Ay, the path is long and dreary;—but thou canst
not miss the way,

For, defiant of its dangers, thousands throng it,
night and day,

Pouring westward, as a river rolleth on in countless
waves,—

Old and young, alike impatient,—all alike Ambi-
tion's slaves,—

Pressing, panting, pining, dying,—strewing all the
way with graves !

Thus, alas ! Ambition ever leadeth men through
burial-plains,—

Trooping on, in sad procession, melancholy funeral
trains !

Hope stands smiling on the margin, but beyond are
gloomy fears,—

One by one, dark Disappointment wastes the castles
Fancy rears,—

All the air is filled with sighing,—all the way with
graves and tears !

Wouldst thou seek a wreath of glory on the ensan-
guined battle-field ?

Know that to a single victor, thousands in subjec-
tion yield ;

Thousands who, with pulses beating high as his, the
strife essayed,—

Thousands who, with arms as valiant, wielded each
his shining blade,—

Thousands who, in heaps around him, vanquished,
in the dust are laid !

Vanquished! while above the tumult, Victory's
trump, with swelling surge,
Sounds for him a song of triumph,—sounds for
them a funeral dirge!
E'en the laurel wreath he bindeth on his brow, their
life-blood stains,—
Sighs, and tears, and blood, commingling, make the
glory that he gains,—
And, unknown, sleeps many a hero on Ambition's
burial-plains!

Or, the purple field despising,—deeming war's red
glory shame,—
Wouldst thou, in seclusion, gather greener laurels,
purer fame?
Stately halls Ambition reareth, all along her high-
way side,—
Halls of learning, halls of science, temples where
the arts abide:—
Wilt thou here secure a garland woven by scholastic
pride?

Ah ! within those cloisters gloomy, dimly wastes the
midnight oil,—

Days of penury and sorrow, alternate with nights
of toil !

Countless crowds those portals enter, breathing as-
pirations high,—

Youthful, ardent, self-reliant, — each believing
triumph nigh ;

Countless crowds grow wan and weary, and within
those portals die !

Ay ! of all who enter thither, few obtain the prof-
fered prize,

While, unblest, unwept, unhonored, undeveloped
genius dies !

Genius which had else its glory on remotest ages
thrown,—

Beamed through History's deathless pages, glowed
on canvas, lived in stone,—

Yet, along Ambition's wayside, fills it many a
grave, unknown !

But, perchance thou pinest only for those grottos
old and hoar,
In whose deep recesses hidden, Fortune heaps her
glittering store :
Enter, then, the dreary pathway,—but, above each
lonely mound,
Lightly tread, and pause to ponder;—for, like those
who slumber round,
Thou mayest also lie forgotten on Ambition's burial-
ground !

MAID OF THE FOREST-LAND.

MAID of the forest-land,—gentle, true-hearted,—
Wilt thou remember me, when we are parted?
When in thy western home, 'mid its wild bowers,
Wilt thou recall again aught of these hours?

Nature hath given thee gifts that are fairest,
Beauty endowed thee with treasures the rarest,—
Graceful thou art as the fawn of thy mountains,
Pure as the stream from thy rock-sheltered foun-
tains!

Dark are the tresses thy clear brow adorning;
Bright glows thy cheek as the blush of the morn-
ing;

Soft are the tones thy sweet accents enriching;
Brilliant thy black eyes beam, wildly bewitching!

Maid of the forest-land,—gentle, true-hearted,—
Wilt thou remember me, when we are parted?
When in thy western home, 'mid its wild bowers,
Wilt thou recall again aught of these hours?

“I STILL LIVE!”

WEBSTER.

HE lives!—The dread decree of death
May check the pulse, may stop the breath,
May seal the lips of eloquence,
May paralyze each finite sense,
May cloud the heart with dark mistrust,
And give the body to the dust,—
But death is powerless to bind
The chainless freedom of the mind!
The immortal mind, whose course shall be
Unending as eternity!

He lives!—His genius is not hid
Beneath the oaken coffin-lid,
Within the shroud whose folds lie pressed,
In solemn stillness, on his breast;—

The sable pall, the silent tomb,
 Confine him not amid their gloom :—
 No, still he lives ! Within our hearts,
 We feel the influence he imparts,—
 An influence lasting as the fame
 Which blazes in his deathless name !

He lives !—Where patriots live,—where they
 Who, one by one, have passed away,
 His fellows here, that noble band
 Whose memory guards our native land,
 Forever live,—and, in the skies,
 Still, star-like, guide our destinies !
 Lives, for that land to intercede,—
 Lives, to approve each virtuous deed,—
 Still lives, to stamp on all mankind
 The impress of his mighty mind !

THE MOTH.

"Many things in this world which look bright, pretty moth,
only dazzle to lead us astray."—THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

As a moth, in tangling mazes,
Flutters where a candle blazes,
Now receding, now returning,
Fascinated with its burning,
Never once of danger dreaming
In a thing so brightly beaming,
Thoughtless, reckless, wildly whizzing,
Till, a-sudden, singed and fizzing,
Falls he, sullied and unsightly,
While, unmoved, the candle, nightly,
Burns, for other moths, as brightly!

So, alas ! alluring Lizzie,
Reeling round thee, deaf and dizzy,—
Deaf to each demand of duty,
Dizzy with thy dazzling beauty,—
Blind, bewildered, unsuspecting,
In thy smile no ill detecting,
Have I bowed to thy enthralling,
Till, a-sudden, flatly sprawling,
Smarting, wrathful, and reviling !
Still I see thee, sweetly smiling,
Other victims still beguiling !

A D I E U !

ADIEU !—The parting tears are shed,
The parting scene is o'er,—
And, now, God speed the gallant bark
That bears you from the shore !
May no rude winds disturb the deep,
Nor threatening tempests rise,
But gentle breezes waft you on
Beneath auspicious skies !

Alas ! that friendship's fragile flowers
Scarce bloom before they die,
While all along life's dreary path
Their buds of promise lie !—
The rosy heavens can hardly paint
Their pledges on the morn,

Ere gloomy shadows gather round,
And glory grows forlorn !

But Memory treasures every leaf
That falls along the way,—
And Hope predicts, in iris tints,
Another radiant day !
So may departed joys, about
Our hearts, a halo cast,
And future hours once more revive
The blessings of the past !

SHE IS NOT DEAD!

IN MEMORY OF EMILY DWIGHT LYMAN.

SHE is not dead! There is no end of life!

It is a stream from an eternal source:—

It flows through peaceful vales and plains of strife,

But ever onward runs an endless course!

Hers, like a silvery streamlet, gently wound,

'Mid flowerets here, to the fair fields beyond!

She is not dead! Such beauty never dies!

It is of heaven, and but reflected here:—

'Twas heaven's own azure beamed in her blue eyes,

As to its sacred confines she drew near!

And, while her features caught the radiant light,

She seemed an angel, ere she took her flight!

She is not dead ! Those gloomy gates that stand
Upon the verge of Time, unclosed for her
An arch of triumph to the fairer land,
Through which she passed as rides a conqueror !
'Tis but the effulgence of the world of bliss,
Which makes those gates, by contrast, dark to this !

She is not dead ! Oh, could we realize
The truth we know, we would not gather round
A couch like hers, with sobs and tearful eyes,—
But rather envy her the welcome sound,
Which to this world of exile, where we roam,
Came, like a Father's voice, to call her home !

She is not dead ! So let me pass away
Through the dim shadows of the silent tomb ;—
So let the brightness of eternal day
Burst on my sight, and glorify the gloom ;—
So let assurance, even here, be given
That Death's dark portals are the gates of Heaven !

L I N E S

ON THE

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY
OF ROBERT BURNS.

FILL up! Let every sparkling bowl
O'erflow with ruby wine,
To pledge the memory of Burns,
And auld lang syne!

Let fragrant flowerets, gemm'd with dew,
And myrtle boughs, entwine,
To wreathe the memory of Burns,
And auld lang syne!

Beneath an humble cottage roof
First flashed that light divine,

Which brightened o'er a thorny path,
In auld lang syne !

But poverty, and toil, and care,
Were powerless to confine
The genius of that peasant bard,
In auld lang syne !

The coming sunlight cleaves the mist,
In many a golden line :—
So triumphed Burns o'er adverse fate,
In auld lang syne !

The sunlight leaps from plain to hill,
O'er all the world to shine :—
So rose that radiant intellect,
In auld lang syne !

Its beams went forth, and princes bowed
Before a rustic shrine,—
It shone alike on hut and hall,
In auld lang syne !

It came to bless our distant land,
 Across the heaving brine,
To bind our hearts, with links of love,
 To auld lang syne !

It blazes now, in rising strength ;
 Nor shall its power decline,
Till the last age has hailed the light
 Of auld lang syne !

Then drink ! A hundred years have fled,—
 Yet meet we to enshrine
The immortal memory of Burns,
 And auld lang syne !

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

"Could I remount the river of my years."—BYRON.

ONE sweet spring morn, when skies were bright,
And the earth was green and gay,—
When fields were bathed in golden light,
And feathery mist-wreaths, thin and white,
Were hung on cliff and mountain height,
Like chaplets twined by the hand of Night
To bind the brow of Day,—
All playfully along the wild,
Quaffing the breezes pure and mild,
A thoughtless, merry-hearted child,
I took my careless way!

That bright spring morn ! The drops of dew,
Like Orient gems of every hue,

Along the sward were cast,
And little violet-eyes of blue
Peered timidly the moss-beds through,
While countless flowerets, fresh and wild,
Raising their tiny faces, smiled

A welcome as I passed.

The bright-winged birds, from every tree,
Poured strains of softest melody

Through the sweet solitude ;—
And thus, lured on by bird and flower,
I entered, through a cloistered bower,

A spreading, shadowy wood,
Where, springing from its secret cells,
Winding along the leafy dells,
Tinkling like chimes of silver bells,
A streamlet poured its flood.—

A slender flood,—a shining thread,
It purled along its pebbly bed,

And through the sylvan brake ;
But, as it kept its onward course,
Still gathering breadth, and depth, and force,
I traced it till at length it spread,
A broad, bright, silvery lake.

Clapping my hands in childish glee,
I ran along the lakelet's side,
Which, to my vision, seemed to be
The margin of the boundless sea,
When suddenly I espied,
Beneath a spreading chestnut-tree,
A light skiff, dancing merrily
Upon the glistening tide.
Shouting, I waked the echoes round,
And forward sprang, with one glad bound,
To reach the feathery oar ;
Then, leaping lightly to the boat,
Feeling my little bark afloat,
I glided from the shore,
Which in the distance faded fast,
As, skimming along, I fleetly passed,

And my gallant vessel gayly cast
The crystal waves aside,—
While the rising sun which met my sight,
Beaming aslant o'er the mountain height,
Pencilled before me, clear and bright,
A glittering path of golden light
Along the trembling tide ;
And, closely following in my wake,
Gleaming above each billowy flake,
Bright fish, at play
'Mid the flashing spray,
Darted, like silver shafts, away,
Where'er my paddle plied !

The lakelet crossed, I passed along,
Through an arch of lofty trees,
O'er a narrower current, deep and strong,
Where, 'mid green bowers, a shining throng
Of warblers poured, in ceaseless song,
Sweet music on the breeze ;
Where flowers, in dazzling colors dyed,
Flinging sweet perfume far and wide,

Decking the banks of the river-side,
Gracefully bent, in the pearly tide
 Their roseate leaves to lave,
While, gliding past, with snowy sail,
The white swan wooed the fragrant gale
 Along the rippling wave.

I floated on :—the river spread
 Wider and deeper than before,
And boldly now the current sped,
 While, fast receding from the shore,
My agile vessel swiftly flew,
When, lo! uprising, met my view,
An angry cloud on the heavens' bright blue,
And it hung, like a pall, with a sable hue,
 The heaving waters o'er,—
While the lightning glared the darkness through,
 And I heard the thunder roar!

I floated on :—the storm came fast,
The billows leaped in the furious blast,
 And rain, and hail,

Athwart the gale,
Shot from the flaming skies,
While hideous shapes, among the waves,
Like spectres waked from watery graves,
Around me seemed to rise !

Weary and weak, I floated on,
'Mid the tempest's shriek, and the lightning's flash,
'Mid the rushing waves, and the thunder's crash !—
My vessel o'erwhelmed, and my paddle gone,
I clung to the wreck, and I floated on !

The storm was past, and I stood on the shore,
And my boat was by my side,
And the bright sun beamed as it beamed before,
While a glittering bow,
With rosy glow,
Spanned the clear heavens, and poured below
Its tints on the sparkling tide,
Till the billows rolled,
In crimson and gold
And dazzling azure dyed !

I stood on the shore,
But I feared no more
The terrible storm and its wild uproar ;
And, carelessly singing a merry song,
I labored well, and I labored long,
Till my shattered vessel was staunch and strong,
And I fashioned another oar ;
Then, ploughing aside the yellow sand,
I joyously launched from the sloping strand
My gallant boat,
And, once more afloat,
I left the friendly land !

The river rolled on, 'mid a varied scene,
Of mountains, and rocks, and islets of green ;
But the verdant banks displayed few flowers,
And there sang not a bird in the sylvan bowers,
Save a desolate dove,
Who, lamenting her love,
Poured her wail through the weary hours !
Among the dark trees,
Moaned the murmuring breeze,

And white-breasted deer
Through the branches would peer,
But, with noiseless tread,
They suddenly fled,
Whenever my boat drew near !

Then there came a meek doe to the river's brink,
With a shaft in her bleeding side,
And, as she tremblingly bent to drink,
She fainted, and fell, and died !
And the emerald turf,
And the silvery surf,
Were stained with a purple tide !
Then I hurried past,
For my heart grew sick,
And my breath came quick,
And my tears fell fast ;
I hurried past, and the sorrowful shore
Soon vanished from my view.
And now, the bounding billows o'er,
Right gallantly I flew ;

For the tide ran faster than before,
And onward still, as my vessel bore,
I heard a rushing cataract roar,
While the current deeper grew!

'Twas a glorious sight,
As I neared the verge,
Where the stream in its might
Rolled in billows of light,
While the sun beamed bright
O'er the heaving surge!

For a range of rocks rose far and wide,
Above the breast of the crystal tide,
O'er which the foam, like drifts of snow,
Dashed downward to the gulf below;
While, far above, the sparkling spray,
Gilt with the sun's refulgent ray,
Reflected back his radiant light,
In rainbow colors, rich and bright!

Fearless, I rode the torrent o'er,
Regardless of its deafening roar,

While boldly on my brave bark sped,
Leaping the rocks which lined its bed,
Borne on the billows, till at last
I floated below, and the flood was past!

Past! But, alas! 'twas the river no more,
With its bright blue waves and sylvan shore,
With its broad green banks and leafy bowers,
Its warbling birds and its fragrant flowers!—
'Twas the bright, blue, beautiful river no more,
But a gloomy gulf, with a desolate shore,
And barren banks, which faded away
In a dreary mist that over them lay;—
And wearily now I labored on,
For my spirit was sad, and my strength was gone!

Then backward I gazed,
With enraptured surprise,
Where the sinking sun blazed,
In the bright western skies,—
Where the river still rolled,
Stained with crimson and gold,

While the mountains and hill-tops were bathed in
its dyes!

And I turned my light boat, firmly grasping my
oar,

And resolved to remount to the river once more,—

For I felt that the river alone could restore

The hopes I had lost 'mid the cataract's roar!

But I struggled in vain up the foaming ascent,

As the whirl of the wild waves my feeble oar bent,

For the stream, rushing on with impetuous flow,

Still cast my frail skiff to the eddies below:—

Then, aweary and worn, as I stood in my bark,

I saw the sun sink, and the waters grew dark;—

But, afar from the billows on which I was tost,

My heart wandered back to the joys it had lost,—

To the meadow, the woodland, the brook, and the
bowers,

To the glittering lakelet, the birds, and the flowers,—

And lamenting the scenes which could meet me no
more,

I fell down and wept by that desolate shore!

Long years have sullenly worn away,
Since once, at the close of a sweet spring day,
A gentle child was seen to guide
A fragile skiff o'er that torrent's tide.
From rock to rock, it tremblingly fell,
But he managed his little vessel well,
And, borne on the billows' furious flow,
Came safely down to the gulf below ;—
Then, turning his boat, he strove to regain
The river above, but he strove in vain,
And, aweary, he wept in his shattered bark,
As the night came on, and the gulf grew dark !

Long years have sullenly worn away ;—
But ever, as on that sweet spring day,
You may see that frail skiff floating o'er
The billows which break on the desolate shore ;—
But a gray old man, with a furrowed brow
And a trembling hand, guides the vessel now ;
And toilsomely still he strives to regain
The river above, but he strives in vain ;

And his straining eyes are dimmed with tears,
As he pines for the bliss of his early years,—
When, over the river of childhood's day,
His light skiff gallantly glided away,
And, aweary, he weeps in his shattered bark,
As the night comes on, and the gulf grows dark!

REBECCA.

WHEN the sun withdraws his light,
And the world is wrapt in night,
Rising, 'mid the gloom, afar,
Hail we still some radiant star!

Feebler than our sun it seems;
Yet, perchance, its lustrous beams
O'er a wider system spread,
On more distant worlds are shed!

Shall that star refuse its light,
Making still a deeper night,—
Jealous that its distant ray
Mildly falls, so far away?

Nay,—'twill rather love to cheer
Those whom fate has stationed here ;
Glad, though oft unseen, to bless
E'en these hours of loneliness !

Thus,—when passing from my sight,
Rolls the orb that gives me light,—
When the world is dark to me,
Gentle one, I turn to thee !

Though I own another sway,
Though another rule my day,
Still, thy friendship would I prove,
While I may not claim thy love !

A FADED FLOWERET.

A FADED floweret,—scentless,—dead !

Yet fragrant, fresh, and bathed in dew,
Half hidden, in a mossy bed,
It opened once its eye of blue !

'Twas in the spring-time, long ago ;—
The sky was bright and blue above,
The earth was gay and green below,
And soft winds sang of hope and love !

A maiden wandered with me there,
With beaming eyes, as bright, as blue,
With heart as pure, with form as fair,
As that frail floweret bathed in dew !

Bending above the verdant bed,
She gently waked it from its rest,
And kissed away the tears it shed,
And placed it, trembling, on my breast!

Time rolled along;—that sunny sky
With threatening clouds was overcast,—
That mossy bed grew drear and dry,
And withered in the wintry blast!

The flower is dead! The maiden too,
Who fondly placed it on my breast,
In the same grove we wandered through,
Has silently been laid to rest!

And on this heart, in grief and gloom,
A chilling blight has fallen fast;—
Athwart my pathway lies that tomb,
Around me wails a wintry blast!

But, far above these clouds and storms,
I know there is a fairer clime,

Where desolation ne'er deforms,
And beauty meets no withering time!

Where death can never intervene,
Where sorrow never clouds the brow;—
And there, in bowers of living green,
I know that maiden waits me now!

And soon, life's fleeting moments o'er,
Rejoined, in that blest realm on high,
We'll rove through verdant paths once more,
'Mid fairer flowers, that cannot die!

“MATCHES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN!”

ALTHOUGH matches are made in the regions of bliss,
As our earthly philosophies run,
I am sure that the Lucifer matches of this
Will outnumber them, fifty to one!

'Tis a point Revelation has left in the dark :
But I'll own that we enter this life
Very much as the animals entered the ark,
Coupled off,—for each husband, a wife!

Nay,—I'll venture still further, and even agree
That, for every particular man,
Some particular woman is ordered to be,
To fulfil this original plan!

But, alas ! each contrivance by Heaven designed
Is here so distorted and changed,
That we hardly are able one item to find
In the order it first was arranged !

And, per consequence, 'mid the confusion and strife
Which are everywhere raging around,
The identical woman ordained for his wife,
Scarcely one single biped has found !

Nay, the son weds a wife who his mother should be,
And the sire, the spouse sent for his son ;
And, while one greedy fellow takes two wives or
three,
Full many another gets none !

Old bachelors, and spinsters, then, cannot be
blamed,
For they are but the victims of use ;—
Base usurpers their thrones have successfully
claimed,
And they piously scorn like abuse !

And bills of divorce should be hailed with delight,
And encouraged, each weak vow to break :
For they naturally spring from a wish to do right,
When a party detects his mistake !

THOU ART NOT JUST.

THOU art not just ;—and, yet, shall I upbraid thee ?

For, never mine, thy heart is not estranged :—
A weaker principle than love hath swayed thee,
But, to thy nature true, thou hast not changed !

Yet here, when I review each tender token,
Each look which seemed a reflex of thy soul,
Each ardent vow, expressed, though still un-
spoken,—
Each tear that fell, defying thy control,—

When I recall thee, trembling with emotion,
Almost subdued, yet struggling with thy heart,—
'Tis hard, e'en now, to crush my deep devotion,
And realize thee selfish, as thou art !

'Tis hard to feel that such transcendent beauty,
Such winning gentleness, such lofty thought,
Such seeming reverence for the claims of duty,—
Could all be coldly bargained for, and bought!

And, yet, 'tis even so; for wealth is power,
And legal prostitution hath no stain :—
There is a price for even beauty's dower,
And slaves are free who wear a golden chain!

But 'tis enough!—thy trafficking is over,—
Thy bartering of sighs, and tears, and smiles,
For trinkets and attentions, with each lover
Who knelt, in turn, the victim of thy wiles!

It is enough!—the closing sale effected,
Enjoy the spoils thy cunning hath amassed.—
Thou wert successful,—ay, and unsuspected :—
Farewell!—Be happy,—but, forget the past!

THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

“Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher
Vanity of vanities ; all is vanity.”

ECCLESIASTES I. 2.

IN the dim and dreamy twilight, in the loneliness
profound,

Where the Palace of the Cæsars lies in shapeless
fragments round,—

Once a palace, whose fair columns rose in majesty
sublime,

Now a ruin, crushed and fallen, overcast with weeds
and slime,—

Wrapped in thought, I lingered, musing on the sad
results of Time,—

Sadly musing in the silence, when, along the devious
way,
First obscure, then more distinctly, through the
shadows and decay,
Came a tall and stately figure, clad in drapery
quaint and rude,
Travel-worn, and stained, and faded,—one whose
meditative mood,
Like my own, perchance had led him to that dreary
solitude.

Seventy winters' snows had fallen softly o'er his
honored head;
On his staff he rested lightly, moving with a mea-
sured tread ;—
Time and thought, in fadeless furrows, on his brow
their seals had pressed,
Calm and deep—nay, superhuman—seemed the
power his eye possessed,
And his beard, in silvery lustre, floated freely o'er
his breast.

Reverently I rose to greet him, but had scarce re-
gained my feet,
When he waved a silent token, that I should re-
sume my seat,
And he placed himself beside me, and in accents
soft and mild,
With a condescending kindness, as a father to a
child,
Followed up the same reflections which my previous
thoughts beguiled.

Fascinated, while I listened, unobserved the hours
rolled by,
And the moon had gone far westward, in her jour-
ney through the sky,
Ere we rose to seek the city, winding down the
tangled green,
Past the mighty Coliseum, then the narrow streets
between,
All now silent and forsaken as the lonely Pala-
tine!

Silent! Till upon the midnight burst a sudden
sound of glee!

Blazing lights, and mirthful voices, blent in boisterous revelry;

And, before the lofty portal of a palace old and grand,

Flanked with winding steps of marble, leading up,
on either hand,

'Mid a crowd of liveried servants, came we slowly
to a stand!

Then the pilgrim bade me enter, and I followed, as
he led,

Through the portal, by the stairway, to the chambers overhead,—

Through great galleries, where stern statues sentinelled each frescoed wall,—

Through grand colonnades and arches, ending at a princely hall,

Full of pomp, and pride, and splendor, glittering in
a gorgeous ball!

Full of youth, and grace, and beauty, flaunting
plumes and purple palls,
Robes of gold and silver tissue, jewelled stars, and
coronals,
Perfumed airs and flaming candles, peals of laugh-
ter, mirth, and song,
Merry music, dizzy dancers floating dreamily
along,
Interspersed with flashing salvers, borne by menials
through the throng!

Full of splendor! vast and variant;—subtle states-
men, old and grave,
Gifted poets, painters, sculptors, veteran warriors
scarred and brave,
Haughty nobles, prelates, courtiers, mingling, met,
below,—above,—
Some in gay saloons were feasting, some at
gaming-tables strove,
While along the terraced gardens others walked,
and whispered love!

Overwhelmed, I stood enchanted with the scene
which met my sight,—
Lost in silent admiration, full of wonder and de-
light,—
Till athwart the pilgrim's features I observed a
shadow pass,
Less of anger than of sorrow, as he viewed the
moving mass :—
Then he smote upon the pavement, sternly crying,
“VANITAS !”

VANITAS ! with fearful power on the throng his ac-
cents fell :—
In a moment, all about us changed, as with a
dreadful spell :—
Hideous spectres, grim and ghastly, filled the corri-
dors and hall !
Guests, and servants, and musicians, hideous spec-
tres were they all,—
Yet the horrid transformation seemed no hinder-
ance to the ball !

Still the band made merry music, grinned, and
wagged their skulls about,—

Bearing salvers of refreshments, ghosts went gliding
in and out,—

Whirling on, in wildering waltzes, went the dancers,
close embraced,

Each his bony arm entwining round his partner's
fleshless waist,—

Bony feet in circles blending, fleshless fingers inter-
laced !

Still they feasted, still they flirted, laughed, and
jested, as before,—

Plumes, and coronals, and chaplets, stars and crosses,
still they wore;—

But the jewels brought no beauty, and the gayety
no grace,

Spangled draperies seemed but cerements,—mirth
but wailing and grimace,—

And oppressed, and sick with horror, hurriedly I
left the place !

When,—behold! the dreary ruin circled me on
every side,

Where I sat me down, in silence, musing in the
eventide!

Prostrate columns,—crumbling arches,—tottering
walls with ivy grown,—

Perished pride, and blasted beauty,—Time's memo-
rials, round me strown.

In the Palace of the Cæsars was I still, and still
alone!

In the moonlight,—in the midnight; and I turned
me to depart,—

Mournfully proceeding homeward, with an over-
burdened heart.

Still, I pondered on my vision,—and essayed my
soul to chide,

That with mere distorted fancies I should thus be
horrified,—

When again, in solemn accents, that same gentle
voice replied:—

“What are men but moving spectres? skeletons
with life and breath?—

Flesh is but a flimsy covering which conceals the
bones beneath!

Loveliness, and grace, and beauty, ghastly skeletons
adorn,—

Glittering robes, and plumes, and jewels, all by
skeletons are worn,—

Skeletons, by Death dismantled, soon left hideous
and forlorn!

“Lift the drapery! and each ball-room, thus un-
veiled to human sight,

Shall disclose a scene of terror, freezing every soul
with fright!

Yet there is an Eye omniscient, from which dra-
peries fail to hide,—

Ever piercing life's frail tissues,—dazzled not by
pomp and pride,—

Which the future, and the present, sees, in contrast,
side by side!”

MAIDEN OF THE AZURE EYE.

MAIDEN of the azure eye,
Maiden of the heavenly brow,—
Listen to my spirit's sigh,
Listen to my spirit's vow.
Lowly bending at thy shrine,
I adore thee,—angel mine!

Fair thou art,—supremely fair,
Cast in beauty's purest mould,—
Richly flows thy shining hair,
With its countless threads of gold.
Radiant, with a light divine,
Beam thy blue eyes,—angel mine!

Let those blue eyes beam on me,
Let their radiance fill my heart,—
Sweet assurance, full and free,
Let thy silvery voice impart.
Lowly bending, I am thine :—
Wilt thou love me?—angel mine !

GOD SAVE OUR PRESIDENT!

A NATIONAL SONG.

ALL hail! Unfurl the stripes and stars!

The banner of the free!

Ten times ten thousand patriots greet

The shrine of Liberty!

Come, with one heart, one hope, one aim,

An undivided band,

To elevate, with solemn rites,

The ruler of our land!

Not to invest a potentate

With robes of majesty,—

Not to confer a kingly crown,

Nor bend a subject knee.

We bow beneath no sceptred sway,
Obey no royal nod :—
Columbia's sons, erect and free,
Kneel only to their God !

Our ruler boasts no titled rank,
No ancient, princely line,—
No regal right to sovereignty,
Ancestral and divine.
A patriot,—at his country's call,
Responding to her voice ;
One of the people,—he becomes
A sovereign by our choice !

And now, before the mighty pile
We've reared to Liberty,
He swears to cherish and defend
The charter of the free !
God of our country ! Seal his oath
With thy supreme assent.
God save the Union of the States !
God save our President !

“LEFT THIS WORLD FOR A BETTER!”

WHEN folks leave this world, each fair monument
Declares 'tis for a better they've departed,
And every one appears to quaff, content,
This panacea for the broken-hearted !

Now, that this world's a bad one, Heaven knows ;
And yet, before I perfectly resigned it,
I'd really like to know if all of those
Bound for that better one, are sure to find it !

FAREWELL.

“Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne’er been broken-hearted.”
BURNS.

LOVED one, farewell!—The link that binds
These ardent hearts must sever :—
Stern fate decrees it, and we part,
To meet no more, forever !

Oh, would that we had never met,
Thus harshly to be parted !—
What retrospect of happiness
Shall cheer the broken-hearted !

Shall ghosts of joys forever lost,
Of hopes once fondly cherished,
Gladden a spirit, wandering back
To weep enjoyments perished !

No! rather let oblivion blot
Each tender recollection,—
And memory fail to treasure up
One record of affection !

So, from the past,—the gloomy grave
Of all the bliss we sorrow,—
Hope shall not gain one ray to gild
The dawning of a morrow !

Loved one, farewell!—The link that binds
These ardent hearts must sever :—
Stern fate decrees it, and we part.—
Farewell!—Farewell forever !

ARLINGTON.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
MRS. MARY L. CUSTIS, MRS. MARTHA C. PETER,
AND MRS. ELEANOR PARK LEWIS,

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO THE TOMB OF MRS. CUSTIS, AT ARLINGTON.

THREE separate graves ! Three spirits fled !
Three loved ones numbered with the dead !
One sleeps in Vernon's sacred shade,
And one in Video's turf is laid,
And one, beneath the lowly mound
Before me, sanctifies this ground !

'Tis autumn,—in the fitful blast,
Faded and sear, the leaves fall fast,—

'Tis evening,—in the misty light,
Settle the shadows of the night,—
Decaying leaves, and deepening gloom ;
The coming night,—the silent tomb !

The silent tomb ! How brief a space
Divides us from this mournful place !
We cannot claim a single breath :
Life's only certainty is death !
We leave the cradle for the bier,
Our various paths all ending here !

Here,—lost in dimness and decay,
In the lorn evening of life's day,
Where, struggling, yields the uncertain light
To the sure coming of the night,—
Whence Death's deep waves—a sullen sea—
Roll outward to Eternity !

Alas ! How weak is human lore
As we approach this mystic shore !

Black darkness broods above the tide,
And dreary mists the margin hide ;
We only hear the solemn surge
Which moans along the shadowy verge !

With those we love, we venture near,
But, in the gloom, they disappear.
Their steps recede, with hollow tone,
And we are left to weep,—alone.
We call,—but to our anxious cry
Not even an echo makes reply !

We linger,—but our hopes are vain :
No voyager returns again ;
Nor prayers, nor sighs, nor tears, can move
One accent from the lips of love.
Silence ! around,—above,—beneath,—
The awful mystery of Death !

In mute despair, we turn away,—
When, suddenly, a shining ray

Darts through the gloom, and falls below,
Brightening the billows with its glow!
A beacon on Death's trackless sea!
The Pole-Star of Eternity!

It is the Star, seraphic strains
First welcomed, on Judea's plains;
And still, through Time's revolving years,
In each dark hour, it reappears,
Serenely beaming from above,
Dispensing faith, and peace, and love!

It was this Star whose radiance blest
These loved ones who are now at rest.
It cheered them on at every stage,
Through blooming youth, through reverend age.
It marked, through life, the path they trod,—
It guided them, through death, to God!

UP ANCHOR FOR HOME!

WRITTEN, IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO,
ON LEAVING NAPLES.

UP anchor for home, boys!—our cruise is complete!
The billows are dancing our good ship to greet!
Far away, far away, o'er the ocean's blue breast,
Smiles a haven of bliss in the Land of the West!
There are pleasures abroad, boys, but none to com-
pare
With the glad shout of welcome awaiting us there;
There are beauties abroad, boys, for ages confest,
But more beautiful far is the Land of the West!
Then, up anchor for home, boys!—we must not
delay,
For the breeze freshens fast that will bear us away.—

Spread our sails to the wind!—Let our flag be unfurled!

'Tis the Banner of Freedom!—the hope of the world!

Adieu to Italia,—her mountains and plains,—
To her kings and her sceptres,—her captives and chains!

Her children lie prostrate, by tyrants opprest,
But Liberty dwells in the Land of the West!

In the land of our fathers,—our own happy home,
Where our hearts cling the closer, the further we roam!

In the depth of whose shadow the sun sinks to rest,
As he, lingering, smiles last on the Land of the West!
Then, up anchor for home, boys!—we must not delay,

For the breeze freshens fast that will bear us away.—
Spread our sails to the wind!—Let our flag be unfurled!

'Tis the Banner of Freedom!—the hope of the world!

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

I HAVE a Guardian Angel,
 With beaming azure eyes:—
Their brightness is a reflex
 Of glory from the skies;
With form of faultless beauty,
 So lovely that it seems
An idol I have cherished
 In fancy's fondest dreams!

I have a Guardian Angel,
 Around whose radiant brow
Caressing chestnut tresses,
 In rich luxuriance, flow;

With cheeks of blooming freshness,
And lips which only part
To breathe, in gentle accents,
The language of her heart !

I have a Guardian Angel,
Who grieves when I am sad ;
Whose features glow with pleasure
Whene'er my heart is glad ;
Whose smile dispels each shadow
Which lowers o'er my way ;
Who scatters thornless roses
Where'er my footsteps stray !

I have a Guardian Angel !
When she is by my side,
I know no dark misgiving,
Whatever may betide.
And more than fame and fortune,
And even life, I prize
My lovely Guardian Angel,
With beaming azure eyes !

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight!—mysterious Memory's hour!
Now Lethe's dark stream, yielding half its dread
power,
Flows softly, and on its smooth surface are cast,
From its fathomless depths, all the scenes of the
past!

'Tis midnight!—my spirit communes with the
dead!
In the darkness about me, they noiselessly tread,—
The loved and the lost,—and they slowly move on,
With the hopes that have perished, the joys that
are gone!

'Tis midnight!—Earth's millions, in slumber profound,

Like a numberless army, lie, prostrate, around,—

While I, as a sentinel guarding my post,

Stand, sleepless,—alone, 'mid the motionless host!

'Tis midnight!—Death reigns!—all is silence and gloom!—

The nations are dead, and the world is their tomb!

But, hark! 'mid a glory which bursts from the skies,

'Tis morn!—Hear, ye nations! awake, and arise!

“BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH
DIE IN THE LORD.”

LINES IN MEMORY OF
MRS. JACQUELINE S. PENDLETON.

WHY art thou terrible, O Death?
Why shrink we from thee with dismay?
 Why do we dread
 A dying bed,—
Struggle, and pant, and gasp for breath,
And mourn each moment, as it glides away?

Why are the coffin, and the shroud,
The winding-sheet, the funeral dirge,
 The silent tomb,—
 All fraught with gloom?

Why are tears offered by the crowd
Who tremble round the fresh grave's crumbling
verge?

Fears the lone captive to behold
The friend that opes his prison-door?

Views he with pain'

His severed chain?

Or, 'mid the dungeon's slime and mould,
Would he prolong his stay one moment more?

Turns the proud warrior from the hand
That proffers him the victor's crown?

Does he deplore

The combat o'er? .

Or linger, in a distant land;
On the bleak battle-field, with carnage strown?

And shall the spirit, prisoned here,
Refuse the boon of liberty?

Put back the hands

That loose his bands?

Shrink from deliverance with fear,
And struggle with the power that sets him free?

Shall the brave soldier of the cross
Refuse the crown,—and see, with gloom,
Victory secured?
The end assured?

Count Heaven no gain, and Earth a loss,—
And slight the welcome which invites him home?

Then, let no tears bedew this mound.—
It marks the memory of one
Who knew no fear
When death drew near,—
A Christian captive, here unbound!
A Christian victress crowned! A conflict done!

WE MET BY CHANCE.

WE met by chance,—'mid festive scenes,
Met, at an altar, side by side,—
Met, mingling there, in fervent prayer,
Our blessings on a blooming bride.

Met but to part;—yet, from that hour,
Though wandering far, o'er shore and sea,
Through distant lands, and trackless sands,
By day and night, I've worshipped thee!

Still worshipped thee!—Love knows no change,—
Yields to no influence, no control;—
Nor time, nor place, can e'er efface
Its holy impress from the soul.

Love is immortal,—linked with life,
Latent, in being, yet to be,—
Quickened, perchance, by word or glance,
But quenchless through eternity.

And hence, though Time has intervened,
And checkered our divided lives
With hopes, and fears, and smiles, and tears,
That spark, once kindled, still survives.

And though the altar of its birth
May fall, and moulder to decay,—
Love's sacred fire shall still aspire
From earth to heaven, and light our way!

REVENGE.

“To err is human ; to forgive, divine.”
POPE.

“VENGEANCE is mine !”—Life comes from God !
Man may not shed his brother’s blood !
Who hath not sinned ? and, should the hand
Of Justice strike, how few could stand !

Before Jehovah’s spotless Son,
The Scribes once brought an erring one,
Demanding that her blood be spilt
In expiation of her guilt !

Defenceless, fallen, and forlorn,
She looked for shame, and death, and scorn;—

But Jesus said,—“ Let him begin
Her punishment, who hath no sin !”

Peace to the dead !—But shall he know
The boon of peace, who laid him low ?
Whose stern resentment could not feel
His vanquished victim’s last appeal ?

Peace to the dead !—Sweet Mercy weeps
O’er the fresh sod in which he sleeps,—
Recalls his virtues,—veils the rest,
And clasps his orphans to her breast !

Prayers for the living !—Heaven assuage
The grief of guiltless orphanage,—
And pity him who failed to show
Compassion to a fallen foe !

MY LOVE.

"I love my love in spring-time."

CHARLES MACKAY.

I LOVED my love in Spring-time,
When, like a budding flower,
The promise of her loveliness
Unfolded every hour ;—
I loved her for her artlessness,
Half trustful, half afraid :—
I loved my love in Spring-time,
A pure, retiring Maid !

I loved my love in Summer,
For promises fulfilled,
For influence on my wayward heart,
Like heavenly dew distilled.—

I loved her for sweet sympathy,
Which drew her to my side :—
I loved my love in Summer,
A beauteous, blushing Bride !

I love my love in Autumn,
For loveliness mature,
For golden stores of happiness,
All gathered and secure ;—
I love her for approving smiles,
Which brighten all my life :—
I love my love in Autumn,
A lovely, loving Wife !

I'll love my love in Winter,
Though on her brow may fall,
Like snowflakes in the eventide,
Time's silver coronal ;—
Though deepening furrows multiply,
And beauty disappear,—
I'll love my love in Winter,
As I've loved her ALL THE YEAR !

HE WAS A LITTLE CAPTIVE HERE!

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
THE INFANT SON OF CHARLES H. SMITH.

I HAD a little bird, confined
 Within a cage of gold,—
With starry eyes, and purple plumes,
 And form of softest mould.

I nurtured it, with constant care,
 Upon the daintiest food,—
And it confessed, in loving strains,
 My fond solicitude.

But, though it sang the hours away,
 Nor showed a wish to roam,

It was a little captive there ;
The wild-wood was its home.

And, pining to be free, it fled,—
And I was left alone ;
In love,—perchance, in selfishness,—
Its absence to bemoan.

But, when I saw its purple wings
In the free sunshine spread,
And watched it, nestling 'mid the leaves
Which clustered overhead,

And singing, in the eventide,
A welcome to the stars,—
I had no wish to call it back
Within its golden bars !

I had a little blue-eyed boy,
With shining golden hair,

Which circled his seraphic brow,
And seemed a halo there.

I lavished on him all the love
My fondness could impart;
And, tenderly, he twined himself
About my inmost heart.

And I believed him wholly mine;—
But, for a season given,
He was a little captive here,
To be restored to heaven.

And, when God took him home again,
I gave myself to grief;
And, crushed,—in voiceless agony,—
My soul refused relief.

But, in the exercise of faith,
I trace his heavenward flight;
I see my little nursling soar
On pinions pure and white!

There,—nestling 'mid immortal bowers,—

His voice floats free and clear ;

And shall I wish to call him back

To be a captive here !

THE MIMOSA.

As the floweret droops when deprived of the light,
And boweth its head in the darkness of night,—
So, deploring the doom that still keeps us apart,
I am pining for thee, love, the light of my heart!

But the floweret revives when the sun reappears,
Looking up, 'mid the dew-drops, it smiles through
its tears:—

Oh, when shall thy presence illumine my hours?
Thy smile is to me, love, the sun to the flowers!

THE DREAM HAS VANISHED.

THE dream has vanished! Oh, how frail
Are earthly hopes,—are earthly ties!—
As evanescent as the light
That melts along the western skies!

As glow the clouds at eventide,
More beauteous when the sun retires,—
As sink, amid the deepening gloom,
Their castellated towers and spires,—

So have my hopes, while passing hence,
Beamed with a softer, holier light;—
So have my castles, fancy-reared,
Scarce finished, sunk in dreary night!

Oh, couldst thou know the weary days
Through which this heart has throbbed for thee :
The sleepless hours,—the bitter tears,—
The pangs which prove its constancy ;

How the strong current of my love
Has swept away all selfish thought ;
How deep devotion, tireless, pure,
Has with thine own my being wrought ;

How I have treasured every word,
Every emotion unexpressed ;
How each pulsation of thy soul
Has found an echo in my breast ;

Oh, couldst thou know all this,—and yet,
In cold indifference, depart,—
To little purpose have I read
The deepest feelings of thy heart !

THE UNION.

A NATIONAL SONG.

“Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!”

WEBSTER.

THE Union! The Union!

The hope of the free!

Howsoe'er we may differ,

In this we agree:—

Our glorious banner

No traitor shall mar,

By effacing a stripe,

Or destroying a star!

Division! No, never!

The Union forever!

And cursed be the hand

That our country would sever!

The Union! The Union!

'Twas purchased with blood!

Side by side, to secure it,

Our forefathers stood:—

From the North to the South,

Through the length of the land,

Ran the war-cry which summoned

That patriot band!

Division! No, never!

The Union forever!

And cursed be the hand

That our country would sever!

The Union! The Union!

At Lexington first,

Through the clouds of oppression,

Its radiance burst;—

But at Yorktown rolled back

The last vapory crest,

And, a bright constellation,

It blazed in the West!

Division ! No, never !

The Union forever !

And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever !

The Union ! The Union !

Its heavenly light
Cheers the hearts of the nations
Who grope in the night,—
And, athwart the wide ocean,
Falls, gilding the tides,
A path to the country
Where Freedom abides !

Division ! No, never !

The Union forever !

And cursed be the hand
That our country would sever !

The Union ! The Union !

In God we repose !
We confide in the power
That vanquished our foes !

The God of our fathers,—

Oh, still may He be

The strength of the Union,

The hope of the free!

Division! No, never!

The Union forever!

And cursed be the hand

That our country would sever!

THE HAWTHORN.

IN a grand old garden once there grew
Innumerable flowers, of every hue !
And a gaunt old gardener, with silver hair,
Tirelessly toiled, through the proud parterre,
And fostered the flowers which flourished there !

And in that garden, but yet apart
From the stately circles of formal art,
Withdrawn from the floral brotherhood,
On the verge of a sylvan solitude,
An unpretending Hawthorn stood !

And little of beauty the Hawthorn blest,
With his threatening spines and russet vest ;

Yet, at times, he adorned that dreary place,
Wearing his blooms with a woodland grace :
So the kindly old gardener gave him space !

But the Hawthorn was without a mate,
And grieved in his solitary fate :—
He had, in his breast, a vacant throne,
And wanted some gentle sway to own,
To love, and be loved,—but he stood alone !

Alone,—till it chanced he one day espied
A fair young floweret by his side,—
A sweet Musk Rose, who seemed to raise,
To the rugged Hawthorn, a trustful gaze,
As she timidly shrunk from the sun's bright blaze !

Time passed, and the seasons rolled away,
And the Rose grew fairer every day ;
With graceful branches, and delicate stem,
And a leafy, emerald diadem,
Where every dew-drop gleamed a gem !

And the Hawthorn sheltered her tender form
From the burning heat, and the chilling storm;
A shade by day, and a shield by night:—
And the Rose reposed in the Hawthorn's might,
And he loved the Rose, and his heart was light!

But the gardener came, in an evil hour,
And placed by the Rose another flower,—
An Indian Jasmine, tall and fair,
Who tossed his bells in the odorous air,
And the Rose withdrew from the Hawthorn's
care!

Then, about his figure, the Hawthorn spread
A fragrant mantle of green and red,—
And he tried each art which might restore
The love that had gladdened his life before;
But the Rose regarded him,—no more!

And the Hawthorn grew lonelier, day by day;
And sadly, and slowly, he pined away;
And, when the old gardener next passed the bed,

He paused, and he bowed his trembling head,
And wondered to see the Hawthorn dead !

Then the heavens grew dark,—and a tempest came,
With drifting floods, and wind, and flame,—
And, to and fro, as the Rose was swayed,
In the pitiless blast, with a heart dismayed,
She turned to the Jasmine's arm for aid !

But the fragile Jasmine had no power
To save the Rose in that fearful hour ;—
And then she remembered the Hawthorn's care,
And she cried to him, with a wild despair ;
But the Hawthorn was gone, and the storm was
there !

And when the gardener came again,
He looked for the beautiful Rose, in vain ;
And the old man wept, when, at length, he found
Her delicate branches scattered around,
Mangled and torn on the desolate ground !

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

FEEBLE, and faint, and grim, and gray,
In his last dark hour, the Old Year lay ;
And heavily came his parting breath,
And his eyes grew dim in the mists of death.

Yet a few months past, when the Spring-time smiled,
This gray Old Year was a merry child ;
And he rivalled the lark as it cleft the air,
And twined bright buds with his golden hair.

Then the Summer came, and the buds were flowers,
And the nightingale sang in the blooming bowers ;
And, a pensive youth, he loved the night,
And the silent stars, and the pale moonlight.

Still the months rolled by, and the Autumn, now,
Gave its golden fruit from each bending bough ;
And, with mind mature, he had reached, at length,
The full perfection of manly strength.

But the leaves grew sear, and the Autumn passed,
And the tall trees bent to the Wintry blast ;
And the days wore on, and the end drew nigh,
And the weary Old Year lay down to die.

Feeble, and faint, and grim, and gray,
In his last dark hour, the Old Year lay ;
And heavily came his parting breath,
And his eyes grew dim in the mists of death.

Yet not alone,—for Old Time stood there :—
He watched at his side with paternal care ;
And he gazed on the glass in his withered hand,
And jealously counted each ebbing sand.

Nay, not alone,—for a company vast,
The shades of the numberless Years of the past,

Encircled the couch where the dying Year lay,
And mournfully beckoned his spirit away.

Then sullenly tolled, from a crumbling tower,
The solemn strokes of the midnight hour,—
And the ghost of the gray Old Year was free,
With the shadowy past, in Eternity!

WHEN FAIRER CHAPLETS WREATHE THY BROW.

WHEN fairer chaplets wreathe thy brow
Than those my hands have twined,
And when to cold forgetfulness
These, withered, are consigned,—
When nobler forms around thee bend,
In worship, at thy shrine,
And brighter eyes than mine reflect
Each ardent glance of thine,—
When sweeter voices laud the charms
I've loved to number o'er,
And lips more eloquent pronounce
The name that I adore :

Oh, think of one who, desolate,
Still wanders in the past,
And bathes, with bitter tears, the grave
Of dreams too bright to last,—
Who lingers by the altar-stone,
Now crumbling and decayed,
Where, with a fond and trusting heart,
His first, best hopes were laid,—
Who gazes still upon thy light,
Receding in the gloom,
Which, blessing other eyes, but points
His pathway to the tomb!



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

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